

Devinne Walters

New Age Faerie Chick

Tiny androgynous pixie girl
With iridescent shimmery wings poking out from under her superhero shirt

So much love within her slow-beating faerie heart
But she just doesn't know how to show it anymore

But she knows excitement and joy
From comics and superheroes and music and the new video game that's coming out this month

This pixie, like any other, is full of magic and hexes and wonderment
She keeps rose quartz and hematite in a pouch along with her two decks of tarot cards

She knows much too much about the X-Men
Like how Nightcrawler is five-foot-nine and Colossus is seven-foot-something in his armored form

The pixie likes wearing t-shirts and long skirts
Despite her long, athletic, sexy legs that she likes much better than her own face

She listens to loud, clashing, soothing metal
To keep her alive although it will kill her someday

I really need to return this, she thinks to herself
As she looks at the borrowed copy of her best friend's dead father's comic book

Her other best friend is a long-haired, almost-hard-to-describe centaur girl living in a cage of hard plastic
She is miles and moons away from the pixie, but the pixie is planning to go and free her someday soon

People hate and despise the pixie
For her cold demeanor, for her short hair

And she could seriously care less and less about what they say
Because at the end of a day, she will still always be a new age faerie chick

The Fairytale

Someday,
 my mother said, I would hear a voice in
 My
 dreams, that of a
 Prince
 sticking me with blackberry needles; he
 Will
 tell me to lick his boots &
 Come
 away with me